A FVNERALL SERMON,

Preached at the buriall of the Lady *Iane Maitlane*, daughter to the Right Noble Earle, *John* Earle of *Lauderdail*, at *Hadingtoun*, the 19. of *December*, 1631.

By Mr. *I. Maitland*.

Together with diverse *Epitaphs*, aswell *Latine*, as *English*, written by sundry Authors.

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A FVNERALL SERMON PREACHED AT THE BURIALL of the Lady *Iane* MAITLANE.

IOB. 14. 14.

All the daies of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

IT is said, that it is better to be in the house of mourning, than mirth; if ever, I trust now, you are in a house of mourning, and mourners; mourners, not so much with their doole, and mourning cloaths; as with mourning hearts and weeping eyes. I pray God this mourning caused by this more than mournfull object, may draw us to a mourning for our selves, and for our sins. And that this change may leade us to the practise of *Iob* his resolution here, *All the dayes of my appointed time will I wait till my change come:* I make it the ground of my speech; since of a mourner I must be a speaker. Loth was I to it; But how should I, how could I detract it? this being the least dutie I can; the last I ever shall perform to the never-to-be-forgotten memory of this Honourable young Lady; Repressing therefore and smothering my own grief for a time; I will proceed having first called upon God, who onely can direct me, how to speak, you how to hear, and both to his glory.

THis *change*, to her als joyfull, as to us ſorrowfull, cals upon us with *Iob*, *all the dayes of our appointed time to wait till our change come*. Few words, yet large matter; which at this time, is rather a trouble, than an eaſe to the ſpeaker: of whom you cannot expect Scholaſtick ſpeculations, flowres of Fathers, broken ſentences of Poets; ſuch elaborate and painted diſcourſes as they, are more for ſhew than profit, ſo to this time altogether unſutable. It ſhall ſuffice me, if tempering my ſpeech with brevity & perſpicuity, I can enforce upon you, the practiſe of what *Iob* reſolved, *All the dayes of your appointed time to wait till your change come*. And thus I enter upon my text by way of, 1. explication. 2. application. 3. exhortation. For explication, as I will not detain you with the dependence and deduction of the text; ſo I will not be curious in cutting and dividing the words: onely, in generall, I take them as running on three points, 1. *Life*, 2. *Death*, 3. *Preparation in life for death*. Of life you have two things; one expreſſed; That the time thereof is *appointed*; the other implied; That it is ſhort, rather to be meaſured by *dayes* than years. Death and the preparation thereto, are ſet down in two words of large extent; death is a *change*, and our preparation a *waiting for* this *change*.

☞ Our time is *appointed*, not by our ſelves, not by man, not by any other creature; but by the creator of all. His we are in our coming, ſtaying, leaving this world: from him is our *time* here, and *change* hence: what ever beſides, within us, without us, gets the name of prolonging our *time*, or haſting our

change,

change, it is ſubordinate to his *appointment*.

2. Our *time* is *appointed*: Some have years; ſome months; ſome dayes; ſome houres; all *appointed*, and meaſured forth by God. One comes to his *change* by a burning fever; another by a lingring conſumption; one meets it in his bed, another in the ſtreet; thouſands at once in the field, and all by *appointment*. If the ſparrows falling or flying, one haire of thy head it's growing or falling be *appointed*; how not our time and change by *appointment*?

3. Our *time* is *appointed* by him who knowes what is beſt for him, what for us; our *time* is from him, and ſhould be for him: As our coming is not by chance, ſo neither our going. We are all ſet here for ſome buſines, which being done; then our *appointed time* leads to our *change*. Thus for the *appointment* of our time.

All the dayes of my appointed time: Here the next, the brevitie of this time; a point ſo cleare by the light of Scripture, reaſon, and daily experience; that it might ſeeme a vain expenſe of our *appointed time* to inſiſt upon it. And ſurely if mens inward conceits, and outward practiſes did comply with their verball profeſſion, I ſhould wrong both you and my ſelfe, to make a pauſe here. But alaſſe, what ever be the confeſſion of the daies of our *appointed time*, yet I am ſure our carriage ſpeaks, that we dream not of *dayes* but of *years*, yea many years of our *appointed time*. Whence I intreat you is the caſting away of ſo much of our *appointed time*, in doing nothing, in doing evill: whence the tyring of our wits to finde out new wayes to the ſpending thereof: whence the too-

long ſpun-web of our ambitious, avaritious thoughts? whence thoſe many delayes, whereby we ſhift knowledge, repentance, faith? All grace and goodneſſe, and this *waiting for our* approaching *change?* whence all thoſe? but from our conceit not of *dayes*, but of *years*, not of ſhort, but long life? Yet the truth is, howſoever we may deceive and are deceived, *Iobs* words muſt ſtand (*All the dayes of my appointed time*) ſpoken by a man of truth, and inſpired by the ſpirit of truth.

Scripture is ſo copious in this argument, that hardly can you turn over many pages, but you will meet with one or other paſſage or word ſounding this way. Neither onely will you finde poſitive ſpeeches, but great varietie of reſemblances, whereby Gods Spirit would ſet forth theſe daies, or ſhortnes of our *appointed time.* Hence theſe compariſons, of a flower, a ſhadow, a vapour appearing for a while, and then vaniſhing, a dream, an Eagles flight in the aire, a cloud blown away with the winde, or elſe diſſolved; a ſpan meaſured in an inſtant, with many ſuch like: *David* cals it vanitie, which is nothing; yea not onely his time and dayes, but him ſelfe, becauſe of them; *Every man in his beſt eſtate is altogether vanitie, Pſal.* 39.5. where each word is emphaticke, man, every man, every man in his beſt eſtate, is vanitie, is altogether vanitie: And *Pſal.* 62.9. *The children of men are vanitie, the chief men are lyes; to lay them upon a balance they are altogether lighter than vanitie:* And how I pray you can we count that long, which is in continuall conſumption; the more time we have, the nearer we are to our *change*;

yea

yea *our change* begins in a manner with *our time*; no ſooner living than beginning to die: Yeſterday is not to be recalled, what is paſt is periſhed; the ſhadow of our time is ſtill in motion; this glaſſe ſtill running; this ſhip ſtill ſayling; while we are eating, drinking, ſleeping, walking, talking, we are ſtill carried to *this change*; and to cloſe this point; there is nothing makes our time ſeeme long, but the expectation of hope of long time; and the longeſt time, once paſſed, is but a dream, but vanitie.

Thus of life, as *appointed* by God; as meaſured by *dayes*; The other two points of our *change*, and *waiting for this change*, is matter for many ſermons, and a task for our whole life; But within this ſhort ſcantling of time, wherewith I am ſtraitned, I ſhall abſolve them in two words. The *change* we muſt *wait for*, is that which is begun by death, and is accompliſhed at our reſurrection; O how joyfull, how glorious a change to the godly; whoſe corruption puts on incorruption, whoſe mortality puts on immortality; who are *changed* and tranſchanged into the glory of God. This *happy change* we muſt wait for; Firſt, by practiſe, living ſo as we may attain to it. Secondly, by meditation, thinking on it ere it come. Thirdly, by reſolution embracing it when it comes; I haſten to the application.

Works move more than words, teaching by exemple is more effectuall than by diſcourſe. If the ardent, and affectionat deſires of her Honourable parents, the hearty wiſhes of her many worthy friends; the many ſalt tears, ſobs, ſighes, groanes, of all her acquaintance, the prayers and ſupplications of us all;

if

if gifts of body and minde surpassing ordinarie, and stirring almost admiration in the beholders; if all those could have delayed this *change*, neither should your eyes have seene, nor my tongue this day spoken of it; but it was *appointed* by God, blessed be his name; his will, not ours, be done.

Maximilian, the first of that name, commanded that his dead body should be exposed to publique view; adding this reason, *ut vel meo discant exemplo*. Behold we have this day proposed our *Maxima*, the choyceſt jewell we had, once the delight of our eyes, and the joy of our hearts; her we proposed a spectacle, not to be gazed upon, but that in this *change* ye might read a lecture of *your own coming change*; It is I know expected I should speake somewhat of her; and why should I frustrat your expectation? for though these speeches should not be Panegyricks, onely for the praises of the dead; but rather instructions for the living; yet I see not why their due commandations, because of their excellent vertues, should be suppressed; since God, in them, by them, is glorified, others edified. And hath not the holy Spirit told us, that, *As the memorie of the wicked shall rot, so the memorie of the just shall be blessed*. Prov. 10. 7. *The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance*, Psal. 112. 6. If with God, why not with man?

Having upon those grounds resolved to speake of her, yet so, as the truth of my love, should not prejudge my love of truth; still for a time I remained irresolved what to speake, where to begin, when to end; *inopem me copia fecit*. In end I found that, as to speake nothing were intolerable, so to speak all were impossible;

impoſſible: So that my courſe muſt be of many things to make choyce of ſome few; and that by confining my ſpeech to my text, 1. of *her dayes*; 2. of *her appointed time*; 3. *her change*; 4. *her waiting for her change*. *All the dayes of her appointed time did ſhe wait till her change came.*

All the dayes. Sometimes dayes are taken for years, and years for dayes; when I ſpeake of her time, I doubt whether to ſay dayes, or years: Let me joyn them both; all the dayes, all the years: Her appointed time was dayes, her appointed time was years; it was ſhort, it was long. Will we take time and dayes as they are ordinarily; alaſſe then I muſt ſay ſhe had dayes, and but few dayes that was worthy of years, of many years; thouſands who abuſe their *time* to the diſhonour of God, themſelves, the world, have *many dayes*; while ſhe, who knew both what time was, and how to uſe time, had but few. Ah what pitty to behold ſuch a bloſſome blaſted in the ſpring? ſuch a flower withered in the morning? ſuch a bright and glancing ſtarre overclouded with a gloomie and tempeſtuous night. But if we ſhall call thoſe onely dayes that are ſpent honourably, vertuouſly, religiouſly, then I may boldly turn dayes into years, and ſay, all the years *of her appointed time*. Her time was not ſhort, but long. *Diu vixit, licet non diu fuit*, She lived long in a ſhort time; is one day of a mans life governed with knowledge and reaſon, to be prized above the many years of the unreaſonable creature? why not her few dayes full of knowledge and grace to be valued beyond the longeſt time of too too many, who at

foure times twenty come to their change emptie of both? if *her few dayes* breed sorrow, let *her many years* bring us comfort.

Her time was *Appointed by God*; here a ground of patience. Since this change, the affections and passions of many have shown themselves, and still doth; The eyes of all who knew her, the tongues of all who heard of her do abundantly testifie, not a private but a publique sorrow: and shall we condemn that, which God and Nature commands? Christ and his Saints practised it. We finde the Patriarches and holy men mourning over their dead: our blessed Saviour shedding teares over *Lazarus*; and shall it then be strange if we behold her worthy parents lifting up their voyces with cryes, being deprived of such a divided peece of themselves? Her honourable friends to bedeaw their cheeks, being robbed of such a choyce flower of their garland? all her acquaintance, familiars, and followers, to fill heaven and earth with their lamentations? wanting her, whose injoying was a great part of their earthly joy? yea, and it is strange to see all those bounds wher she was known by eye or eare, to mourn; each family, as if they were mourning for their own first born, being frustrat of those great hopes, and common benefits, her few dayes did promise to all? Surely it is not strange, nor can be blamed. And to increase it by patheticke speeches, I neither can, being already at such a hight; neither will, least we give too large reines to it. Not to mourn, is not onely graceless, but unnaturall; to be immoderate in our mourning is not Christian, but Heathenish.

When

When *Iacob* came to his *change*, *Ioseph* mourned; so did the *Egytians*; he but 7. dayes, they 70. *Gen.* 50, 3. 10. He knew his time was *appointed* by God, they looked to fate, and necessity: he knew his death was but a *change*, they tooke it for a finall dissolution and destruction. Mourn then we may, we should, but to exceed in our *mourning as those who have no hope*, we may not, we should not. And here among many, one ground for the moderation of our sorrow, and perswading of patience, *Her time was appointed of God*: if it had been possible that another should have wrought this *change*; would we, think ye, have taken it patiently? no, rather would we have parted with our own eyes. But now, O Lord, thou hast done it, and therefore with thy servant *David* we must close our mouth, yea reverence, obey, glorifie thy appointment, *just are all thy ordinances, upright are all thy wayes*: Though before with *David* we did weep, and would not be comforted, yet now seeing the evidence of thy appointment, we must rise up and praise thee.

Ye see her *appointed time*: I come now to her *waiting*. *Iob* saith, he would *wait for his change*, and why may not I say, *All her dayes she did wait till her change came*. For if the *waiting* for our *change* be; first, the leading of such a life as doth shew, we know there will be a *change*; secondly, if it be in the confluence of worldly blessings, to minde more our *change* than them; thirdly, if it be, at the approaching thereof, to desire it, embrace it, welcome it, joy in it, then I may truly say, *she did wait for her change*. God is my witnesse, what I speak, it is not from partiall affecti-

on, ſo it is not for particular ends. I follow not doubtfull rumours, uncertain and flying reports; but what I know to be truth from her birth to this her change, from her cradle to her grave; I ſpeake and that for truths ſake; ſetting *her waiting* for a pattern to *our waiting*.

Firſt then, I ſay, her life was ſuch as did teſtifie ſhe knew there would be a *change*. Religion, piety, devotion is that, which gives, as it were, another life to all morall vertues, and makes them Chriſtian, without it they may be profitable to others, but little to our ſelves. It is true, onely God knowes the heart in it ſelf, and by himſelf: but if pregnant preſumptions, and well nigh infallible ſignes may be a firme ground for paſſing cenſure; I may confidently affirme and aſſevere, that the fear of God was placed, yea deeply rooted in her heart: and from this fountain did flow thoſe ſtreames of the exerciſe of religion; Her hunger, and burning deſire to hear Gods word, her attention in hearing, her knowledge by hearing, her ſweet devout communication and practiſe after hearing; What? ſhall I name to you her frequent praying; daily reading; her writing almoſt the whole New Teſtament with her own hand: and was all onely in hypocriſie, and for ſhew? No, I am aſſured her religion was not ſo much in her eares and tongue (as it is with many) as in her heart and life. Who knew her, knowes ſhe was more in ſubſtance than in ſhow. From this ſame fountain flowed alſo that rare, and ſcarce to be matched obedience, love, honour, and all due reſpect to her parents; which as her whole life did witneſſe, ſo her

change: nothing more grieving her for *her change*, as that *her change* would bring grief to them. If I should enlarge her obſervance to her ſuperiours in regard of age and ſtate of life, her dutifull reſpect to her equals, her modeſt & moderat carriage to her inferiors; her love to all, and love of all; I might eaſily wearie my ſelf in relating, and you in hearing. The mouths of many will ſpeak what now I may not, onely two words: It is rare to finde ſo few years ſo full of nature, ſo full of grace: And next whereas ſuch eminent parts and vertues, eſpecially in young years, are uſually accompanied, yea and darkned with more than conſpicuous faults: I know many will bear witneſſe with me, that not onely ſhe was free of ſuch as might any wayes obſcure her more noble parts; but even of ſuch as might bring upon her the leaſt ſtain before man, being blameleſſe (far be it from me to ſay before God) I am ſure before the world. Now judge yee if ſuch a life was not a *waiting for her change?*

For the ſecond, The confluence of worldly bleſſings; I confeſſe my ignorance in Herauldry, to deſcribe her pedigree and deſcent, derived by many generations from her well deſerving anceſtors. Onely this I can ſay (and let me ſay it to provoke their poſterity to imitation and emulation) they were truly honourable, ſince both blood and vertue joyned to make them noble: noble not onely by inheritance, but by purchaſe: Their greatneſſe from their blood, their goodnes was from their vertue. Such her birth. But what availes names, titles, armes, honours, if there be no more? her birth did not ſo much honour

her, as ſhe it; having in a beautifull body a more beautifull ſoule; ſuch knowledge, wiſedome, skill in all things befitting her ſex, and far above her age, that ſcarſe her equall, let be her ſuperiour could be found. Why ſhould I ſpeak to you of her many noble friends, her meanes and worldly eſtate, and hopes, and ſuch like. And thoſe alſo are Gods bleſſings, not to be neglected, and by many too-much reſpected: Now what could have been expected, but that this concurrence of earthly bleſſings of all ſorts, within, without, of birth, body, ſoul, eſtate, friends, would have tied her heart to the world, and raiſed her thoughts to an applauding of her ſelf, and contemning of others? But ah! who ever did ſee pride ſhine in thoſe eyes? when did ever neglect and contempt ſhew it ſelf, in that meek, loving, and lovly countenance? I have often wondered to behold ſuch excellent parts followed with ſuch admirable humility, humanity, modeſty, curtiſie: and that not onely towards the great (which may, and oftentimes dwels with pride) but even to thoſe of the lower ſort. Now what did all this ſhew? but that her heart was not in this world; that thoſe worm-eaten and fading pleaſures did not bewitch her; that ſhe did thinke on her *change*; and that trampling under foot all the pompe and glory of this world, ſhe did aſpire to that glory, the eye never ſaw, the eare never heard?

Thirdly, when her weakneſſe did threaten her *change*; with what ſpirituall courage did ſhe welcome it? Thouſands dare not ſo much as once think on their *change*: The Athieſt, the Epicure, the worldling

worldling are confounded with the apprehenſion thereof: Onely the child of God dareth encounter it. Her ſtrength was from God, whom ſhe did ply, and importune with ardent prayers to ſtrengthen and confirm her in her laſt conflict. Her inward friends, a good conſcience, and faith in Chriſt did ſuſtain her; and made that as ſhe was not aſhamed to live, ſo not afraid to die.

The laſt word of my text, and of her, is *her change*; O bitter-ſweet *change*! bitter to us, ſweet to her. To us bitter, who ſhall ſee no more that face, nor hear that voyce, we never ſaw nor heard, but with pleaſure, and joy! bitter to us, who by this *change* have our joy *changed* into ſorrow, our laughter into mourning! but ô ſweet, ô *joyfull change* to her! who hereby hath *changed* earth for heaven, the place of her exile for her fathers houſe; where there be many manſions: the company of mortall men, with the happy fellowſhip of the immortall God, of Chriſt her Saviour, of the glorious Angels, and bleſſed ſpirits of the juſt! Her *change* like the furnace of fire to the three children, at the worſt hath but looſed her bands; like *Ionah's whale* carried her through the ſtorms of this tempeſtuous world to the port of her eternall reſt; like *the red Sea* hath opened her a paſſage from this Egypt to that heavenly Caanan. Her then we neither do, nor can bewaile, whoſe *change* hath *changed* her to joy without *change*: but we may, we do bewaile our ſelves; we bewaile our owne loſe; the dolefull memory whereof ſome of us I hope will ever carry about, aye untill our own *change* come.

I have done with my application, wherein if any ſhall think I have ſpoken too much, yet I will think too little; and I hope there is none, to whom ſhe was known, but knows that I have keeped within bounds, and will blame perhaps my defect rather than exceſſe.

I come to the laſt thing I purpoſed: The exhortation. Right honourable, right worthy, and dearely beloved; you have heard of *Iob his change*; and now ſee this: Let me tell you that ere long, there is not any of us, who are here, but he ſhall come to his own *change*. Here indeed we have diſtinctions of ſtates, callings, perſons, and that juſtly; but *Pallida mors*, this *change* doth equall all; you know the compariſon of the cheſſe-men, while the play laſteth, there is diſtinction of them; being eſteemed as they may beſt ſerve our purpoſe; but the play ended, and chek-mete given, all promiſcuouſly are hurled in the box; and often the leaſt lies above the greateſt: So here, though men be more or leſſe regarded in reſpect of the foreſaid differences; yet when this *change* comes, whereby the play of this life is ended, then we are equally hurled in the grave, and often the poore mans duſt lies above the rich. When ye behold a heap of bones, who can ſay, here are the rich mans, there the poor's? Oh! if we could obtain ſo much liberty and leaſure of our too too many reſtleſſe and unprofitable thoughts, as to make this *change* a great part of our daily meditation! We need not *Philip's* monitor, nor a dead mans ſkull uſed by the Egyptians, to be our *memento*; each place, day, perſon will do it. And yet alaſſe, though nothing be more ſeene,

and

and better known, nothing is leſſe thought upon: ſuch a *change* as this, may poſſibly enforce us to reflect our thoughts upon our ſelves, and *our own approaching change*; but ah! how ſhort, how evaniſhing, how ineffectuall are thoſe thoughts! one moment often giving them both life and death: But I may not treſpaſſe too far upon your patience in preſſing this argument. Let me with ſome brief collections reſume my text and leave.

Is our *time* but *dayes*? Firſt, how may we not bewail the by-gone, that ſo much of ſo ſhort time ſhould have been ſo evil imployed? And ſecondly, why are we not carefull to manage that which is remaining. Thirdly, you have taſted of all thoſe fading pleaſures, the world doth either promiſe, or can give; experience hath made you ſee their vanity, being but like yeſter-nights dream. Why then ſhould *our few dayes* be taken up any longer with that, which we know in the end will bring us nothing, but late repentance? Fourthly, *our time* is ſhort, and yet upon this day, this houre, this moment of our life, depends an eternity either of pleaſure or pain. What madneſſe to purchaſe eternall pain for a moments ſeeming pleaſure? Fiftly, *Methuſhalem* his dayes were too few either to expreſſe our ſorrow for ſinne, or thankfulneſſe for Gods mercies: How then ſhould we not be circumſpect ſo to governe thoſe *few dayes of our appointed time*, that not one day, not one houre may paſſe, without doing that we never can do ſufficiently?

The *dayes of our appointed time* are uncertain: *Iob* ſaith, *all the dayes*, but he tels not how many; he

profesſes, *he will wait till his change come*; but knew not, when it would come: And is not his caſe herein, ours alſo? Yes certainly. Who knowes but this day may end his daies; and your *change* may meet you ere you meet with your houſes; how ſhould this haſten our repentance? our amendment? We are alwayes reſolving and ſtill unreſolved; what projects, what purpoſes tending to reformation of our lives have vaniſhed in the aire? O when ſhall we begin to do that, the not doing whereof will make us undone? Your time is uncertain here; and what if this *change* of your bodies preveen the *change* of your ſoules? Oh beloved, delay not longer; How many are in hell who had thoſe fleeting and flying motions of repentance and reformation, that ſome of you now have? but poſtponing them, this *change* interveened, and brought a dolefull *change* upon them. Let not, I intreat you, a matter of ſuch conſequence, as the eternall ſalvation of your ſoules be caſten off to future time which is ſo uncertain.

Our *change* is certain and common. If with *Abel* we had no precedent examples thereof, our *not waiting* were in ſome ſort tolerable; but now in this generall condition of all mankind, whereby they are lyable to this *change*, what can we pretend for our egregious ſlackneſſe and remiſneſſe that will not thus *change* in our thoughts, before it ſeaze on our bodies. Doth the earth-worme take his *change* to heart? no: then he would not waſte his body, minde, conſcience, ſo exceſſively, for the heaping together the traſh of this earth; ſince by this *change* he will be ſtripped of all? Doth the thought hereof bereave

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the aſpiring ſpirit of its reſt? no: then he would not ſo beat his braines, ſpend his wits, that he may raiſe himſelf though upon the ruine of his betters: ſince by this *change* he muſt once be troden under foot, and have all his earthly *glory laid in the duſt.* But I muſt end. I pray God this *change* may teach us, *all the dayes of our appointed time to wait, till our change come.*

(***)

FINIS.

IN OBITUM NOBILISSIMÆ Virginis JANÆ METELLANÆ, filiæ Comitis Lauderi.

QUarta Metellanam *subtraxit olympias orbi,*
Spem procerum, patrii deliciasque soli.
Ante Dea quàm Juno suos accenderet ignes,
Barbara Letheis Atropos hausit aquis.
Quid querar? urticis fas est sperare senectam,
Lappa nec hybernas deperit ante nives;
Sed violas, teneraque rosas, & candida prati
Lilia, vere vides surgere, vere mori.

Aliud,

CUi tria debuerat largiri secla, puellam
Parca Metellanam *post tria lustra rapit.*
Virtutes numerat Lachesis, non supputat annos;
Fructus erat præcox, carptus & ante diem.

Arturus Jonstonus.

Cælestes animi dotes producere possent
Si vitam, procul & mortis depellere tela;
Omnes, Diva, tibi vidisses funere Nymphas
Prareptas, mæsta quæ nunc tua funera deflent:
Verùm aliter visum superis: properantia fata
Cœlestes rapiunt regna ad cœlestia mentes:
Nec patitur Cœli clementia, prima lutosis
Ornamenta poli terrarum hærere lacunis.

Joannes Adamsonus.

Palladium Vestæ flagrante ex ade Metellus
Sustulit, è mediis eripuitq; focis.
Vesta memor facti, servatorisq; Minerva,
Jure Metellanis *semper amica fuit.*
Hanc ìgitur castam rapuit de gente Metelli,
Æternâ ut possit virginitate frui.
Et sibi quòd data sit fatis tutela Decembris,
Mortalis vita terminus ille fuit.

G. Jonstonus. M. D.

Hàc voti mensura hominum componitur urnâ,
Et desiderij meta suprema jacet.
Si generis series placet, hæc millesima claros
Censebat longo sanguine gentis avos:
Si decor, & niveo delectat gratia vultu,
Æmula certabant Cypridos ora Deæ:
Si dos ampla juvat, superabant munera matrè
Et patri, Attalicæ quas numerarat opes,
Dulcius argutas pulsabat Apolline chordas,
Doctius & Phrygiâ Pallade pinxit acu.
Dextera non aliter signavit arundine voces,
Quàm quæ chalchographis charta notata typis.
Virtute æquales superavit, Cynthia quantum
Exiguas, pleno cum nitet orbe, faces.
Unde licet matura viro, quia lege maritâ
Nullus erat tantos dignus inire toros,
Connubio Deus ipse sibi sociavit in ævum,
Et fruitur sponsò, nunc super astra, Deo.

Defuncta matrem consolatur.

Desine chara parens, mordaci pectora luctu
Et gemitu manes sollicitare meos.

Immatura

Immatura tibi videor cecidisse juventa,
Alba velut primo flore ligustra cadunt:
Sed cita mors citius patrio quia reddit Olympo,
Mitte queri vitæ de brevitate meæ.
Exilium breve, vita brevis, cui longior ætas,
Longius exilij tadia lenta tulit.

M. Andr. Ramsæus.

Ecce Metellanæ tumulum, quo condita virgo,
Vix vicena cui bruma peracta, jacet,
Si proavos spectes memorandaq; stemmata, vixit
Illa Metellanæ stirpsq; decusq; domus;
Si dotes, superûm demissam sedibus, ipsis
A superis artes addidicisse reor.
Terpsichore docuit citharæ percurrere nervos
Pectine, & ad dulces verba referre modos:
Ardentes auro vestes ostroq; superbo
Ipsa dedit Phrygiâ pingere Pallas acu,
Quin inter stellas ut Cynthia fulget, ut inter
Nimpharum virides Deïopeia choros;
Omnes huic decus eximium speciemq; decoram
Æquales supra contulit alma Venus.
Certat at egregiæ virtus dum vivida formæ,
Ulterius nec quo progrediatur habet.
Huc propera, huc virgo propera, Deus inquit, ad astra
Inclyta te revocat sortis origo tuæ.

Da. Wedderburnus

Rege Metellano (scriptorum ut consona vox est)
Natus erat nostri finis & origo boni;

Natus erat Christus *quo ductum stemmate nomen*
Cernimus in nostros invaluisse dies.
Famq; cluit veteris flos, & nova gloria gentis,
Testis ades patriis gemma, Ladere, soli;
Testis Joanna *es: tibi gratum ut gratia nomen,*
Remq; dedit, tanto nomini & esse parem.
Siq; queam propriè communia dicere, siq;
In re tantâ animi promere sensa mei:
Jure Metellanæ *pariter cognomine gaudes:*
Ritè quadrat donis vox ita facta tuis,
Ἀλλὰ μετ' ἀλλὰ *tenes: Deus est cognominis author;*
Ἀλλὰ μετ' ἀλλὰ *anima tot dedit alma tua.*
Virgoq; virginibus jam regnat insita divis:
Fallitur interitum mors meditata tuum.
Vita tibi est Christus, *cujus tot sancta supersunt*
Dogmata, Dædalià qua tibi picta manu.
Sit tibi, sit certet qua stemmate, rarior aquâ
Ornabit morum nobilitate genus.

M. Patricius Sandeus.

R*Aptajacet primis hîc* Metellana *sub annis*
Flebilis, & mæstis virgo cienda modis:
Carpere quì tenerum Parcæ potuistis amomum?
Non puduit tantum conviolasse decus?
Nectare virgineam Nymphæ lachrimisq; favillam
Spargite; perpetuo floreat urna croco,
Vos cineri date justa pio, conferte corollas;
Hæc redeat vestris annua cura choris.

Patr. Panterus.

Flete

FLete Metellanæ cineres qui cernitis urnam,
Flete puellaros, funereasq; faces.
Herois soboles, & tanto digna parente,
Cuiq; pari genitrix auxit honore genus:
Vt generis clari, sic clarum exemplar honesti.
Virgo in virgineo gloria prima choro;
Dotibus ingenij diues, decoravit easdem
Artibus ingenuis, excoluitq; labor.
Ast eadem qua lima animum terit, atterit annos,
Cura coquit teneras & philomusa dies.
Ante annos sciviſſe nocet, completaq; virtus
Fecerat, ut Clotho crederet esse senem.
Prima sui secli, cœloq; futura secunda.
Virginis Erigones virga recepta sinu.
Virginis & laudes dultas meliore metallo,
Publica perpetuo fama tenore sonat.

Fama virtutum, tuba sempiterna.

Aliud.

MArmoreus nisi sit, quæ marmore conditur iſte,
Lectori lachrimas lecta movere potest.
Scilicet una, cui melos & myrothecion omne,
Sais & Aonidum sacra caterva dedit:
Vna bonis animi, fortunæ, corporis auctu,
Quæ data sunt alijs singula, cuncta tulit.
Altera, sed melior, merito Pandora Deorum,
Versibus Astræis altera digna novis.
Vtq; suo similem, genuit vix Roma Metello,
Nostra Metellanæ nec tulit ora parem.
Eximia eximio tot in uno corpore dotes,
Secula Cumæa promeruere senis.
Sed brevis immodicis ætas, & rara senectus,
Et citò sæpe solent optima quæq; rapi.
Hoc decus, ætatis decas altera vexit ad astra,
Fœlix quæ cœlo tam citò digna fuit.

Ad defunctam.

PRima puellarum quas priſcæ aut noſtra tulerunt,
Quaſq́ Caledonijs ſecla futura dabunt;
Parce, nec iſta tibi veluti data juſta putato,
Sed tanquam mœſtas manibus inferias.
Memoriæ & amoris ergo
Mœrens mœſtuſq́ parentavit

Galt. Bellendinus.

QVa Venus huc tædas debebas ferre jugales,
Funereas quid das, heu Libitina, faces?
Vſque adeo Idææ remanent veſtigia rixæ,
Palladæ nec cauſa eſt hac cecidiſſe ſatis.
Palladium medio rapuit ſi ex igne Metellus,
Lumine non fuerat captus utroq́ pius.
Illa Metellanam tanto poſt tempore neptem
Invidia, & te nunc opprimis atra Venus.
(Is decor oris erat, roſeiſq́ affuſa labellis
Gratia; non oculos unus obibat amor.)
Sed doluit Cytheræa ſuas in corpore dotes
Infra Cecropiæ dona jacêre Deæ.
Quippe parem priſcæ noſtram ſtuduere tribuli
Fingere Caeciliam nata ſororq́ Jovis.
Pronuba quod deerat, quærebat Juno maritum
Jungere quem merita eſt Tarquinioq́ parem.
Invidit non caſta Venus, quia Palladis artes
Et genium edidicit; pro face faxq́ data eſt.
Faxq́ Metellanæ gratiſſima, quippe maritum
Perpetua accepit ſic ea virgo Deum.

Aliud.

Aliud.

FRustra qui Numidas, frustra qui regna Philippi
Cognatus domuit, marmor eburq; paret.
Non Lybicum quæro tumulum, non saxa Laconum,
Nec quæ huc Dalmaticus flava metalla vehat.
Usq; sequor Juda cœlestem virgo leonem,
Et me viventum circulus unus habet.

R. Magillus Juris et æqui studiosus.

QUæ cantu Euterpe, quæ juncta sororibus ipsa
Terpsichore, & plectro magnus Apollo potest:
Aut quas famineis animis impendere dotes
Vel natura, vel ars ingeniosa solet;
His majora habuit, cujus modo stamina vitæ
Abrupit Lachesis; tam cito rara cadunt!
Heu pietas cœlum potyt, pudicitia, forma,
Nobilitas, virtus, Palladis ingenium.
Sed veluti brumâ pereuntia, vere resurgunt;
Sic ea perpetuo flore renata viget.

L.
J. M.

QUod cœlum tenuit pulchri, quod terra bonique
Metiana in gremium transiit omne tuum.
Quæ poterat, major concesserat omnia mundus,
Nec potuit mundus plura tenere minor.
Religio veram te ostenderat Heroïnam,
Tradiderat virtus & diadema suum.

Divina varias decoraſti Palladis artes,
Et muſæ gazas jure dedere ſuas.
Stemma vetus, comitas, caſtiq; modeſtia vultus,
Cogebant hominum lumina, corda ſequi.
Sed mors humanas non curas ferrea curas;
Nil cœli aut terræ dona ſtupenda movent.
At quantùm noſtros contemnis, ſæva dolores,
Tantùm Nympha minas negligit iſta tuas.
Avolat in patriam (te ſpretâ) nobilis aulam;
Dilacerat nobis triſtia corda abitus.
Heu nimium mors te fecerunt fata potentem,
Quid! peſſum tanta virginis ora dari?
Colla jugo juvenis, dat colla & eburnea virgo,
Ergo te contra nullus aſylus erit.
Evaſere ungues, Pietas, virtuſq; rapaces,
Quæq; bonas animas gloria tuta manet.
Læta dies veniet, quâ tu moriere viciſſim,
Tum genus in noſtrum vana tyrannis erit.
Sed quid ego laudes aut vota effundere coner?
Te Deus auricomus carmina digna canat.
Sat miſero vati juſtum narraſſe dolorem,
Flebile ſat miſero ſit cecinisſe melos.
Plura vetat vulnus, mœrentiq; obſtruit ora,
Garrit cura levis, cura cruenta ſtupet.

Aliud.

WHat goodneſſe, beauty, heaven and earth embowr'd
(Sweet Lady) upon Thee it all was powr'd
All which it could, the greater world thee gave,
And more no little world did e're receive,
Thee above all, religion did adorn,
And vertues crown was duely by thee born;
Divine Minerva's artes by thee were grac'd;
The Muſes in their throne thee juſtly plac'd.

Birth.

Birth, courteſie, ſweet modeſty and grace
Of eyes and hearts made thee the reſting place.
But yron death contemning all our pleaſures,
Of heaven and earth regarded not the treaſures:
Yet if thou little didſt our groans reſpect,
(Grim ghoſt) this Nymphe too did thy threats neglect:
To heaven her long'd-for ſoil (thoughtleſſe of thee)
Shee flees, and leaves us in ſad miſery.
Alas? the Fates to thee have given hudge might;
That ſuch a vergin lies bereft of light.
Maids iv'rie necks, and young mens all do yeeld
Unto thy yoke, againſt thee ſerves no ſheeld.
Yet, vertue, glory, (though thou all devoure)
And piety are not thralled to thy power.
That day haſtes on, when of thy tyranny
O're man, the binding cordes ſhall broken be:
Till then, you fragrant noble flowers attend
This monument, and here your pow'rs extend.
And gems (heavens tears) bewailing ſtars, diſtill
Both day and night upon theſe aſhes ſtill.
I will not touch thy praiſes (noble dame)
The prince of poets ſhould proclaim the ſame;
My juſt and bleeding grief I only ſhow,
And ſome faint elegie thereon beſtow.
Soreneſſe of wound bindes up a willing vain,
Brooks ſhallow murmure, deep flouds noiſe diſdain.

S.
D. L.

THe flowre of virgins in her prime of years,
By ruthleſſe *deſtinies* is ta'ne away,
And rap'd from earth, poore earth, before this day
Which ne're was rightly nam'd a vale of tears,

Beautie

Beautie to heaven is fled, ſweet *modeſtie*
No more appears; ſhe whoſe harmonious ſounds
Did raviſh ſenſe, and charm mindes deepeſt wounds,
Embalm'd with many a tear now low doth lie.

Fair hopes evaniſh'd are; ſhe ſhould have grac'd
A princes marriage bed; but (lo!) in heaven
Bleſt paramours to her were to be given!
She liv'd an angel, now is with them plac'd.

Vertue was but a name abſtractly trim'd,
Interpreting what ſhe was in effect,
A ſhadow from her frame, which did reflect,
A portrait by her excellencies lim'd.

Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,
And readſt; here lies a branch of *Metlands* ſtem,
And *Seatons* offſpring; know that either name
Deſignes all worth, yet reach'd by humane thought.
Tombs (elſewhere) riſe, life to their gueſts to give;
Thoſe aſhes can frail monuments make live.

M. W. Drumond.

LOe here within this coffin ſad doth lie
Religion, vertue, true nobilitie.
Ah that a ſilent urne ſhould thus inſhrine
What once not mortall ſeem'd, but all divine.
More beauty Sparta never did contein,
Nor Paphos, famous for her lovely Queen,
A beautie chaſt, and chaſt, not to anoy,
As was the homicide of Cadmus oye:

But

But bashfull beautie, harmlesse chastity
Such as decor'd that sometime nymphe, now tree;
Hey me my muse your sisters death bemoan,
And weep that sweet Calliope is gone:
Those sounds harmonious strains which to admire,
Amazed Orpheus did his lute forbear,
Shut up in silence, shall be heard no more,
Which every tripping Dryade shall deplore.
But most of all that sp'rit sublimely wise
Like hers, who from the brain of Jove did rise,
Shinde as that orient lamp, which scarse when born
Is swallowed in the hudge beams of the morn.
Had this sweet nymphe liv'd in that age of gold,
She 'mongst the Deities had been enrol'd:
Or liv'd *Naso* now to see her hearse,
She, not *Astrea* had adorn'd his verse.
But what? can heavenly creatures be enjaylde?
Or from their native countrey long exil'd?
No: All things to their proper center cleave;
Nor can immortals from immortals live.
Her name the fates to fames report hath given,
Her body to the earth, her soul to heaven.

W. Douglas.

LEt vertuous virgins all with tears behold
The faireſt cabin ſtor'd with choiſeſt gems
That grace or nature ever did unfold
To humaine knowledge under diadems:
Of faultleſſe body (here) and guiltleſſe minde
The femail ſex perfection confinde.
In bloud ſhe might have claim'd unto the beſt,
In honour too of none ſhe did come ſhort,
In dowry equall with thoſe nobly bleſt,
For perſonage of a moſt lowly port:

Such

Such blessings blooming makes most ladies proud,
But fully ripe with her, she still was good.
These forc'd but fair prerogatives of birth
By inward vertue were most highly grac'd,
Stayd gravitie mixed with modest mirth,
Humilitie in stately palace plac'd
Her chastitie not staind with any thought,
Of heavenly substance prov'd her to be wrought.
No industry which curious hands afford
Did hirs surpasse, all sciences, all arts
Her sex beseeming, richly her decord,
She rather them by full adorning parts:
Yet her alas ere lusters foure were told,
A winding sheet for hymens robes enrold.
Her fear of God respect to parents shew,
Who never yet could challenge the offence
She gave, nor did desire of youth persew
Beside their pleasure, reavisd thus from hence
To the third heaven, she parting with a smile
Told mans abode on earth was but exile.

LUte, viol, organ, sautral, pandal be,
Silent, as when in forrest wilde ye grew,
Since cruell death, but pitie overthrew
Her, whose dear hands made sweet your harmonie.
And if ye found bewailing to all ears
That stroks may sighs, and sounds bring forth salt tears.
A snow-like white pure innocence bewrayes,
On it black tears, for virgins grief, betrayes:
This at her funerall was clearly found,
Where all eyes objects black was but the ground:

NAtures rich gem, by art most orient bright,
Of both the honour, parents sole content.
Ladies, yea, sexes glory, virgins light,
Her times delight, than them more excellent,

Endew'd

Endew'd with all thoſe gifts which ever' wight
Obtain'd on earth : death in the prime hath rent.
This leſſer worlds fall (vertues univerſe)
Turns hearts, eyes, Verſe, ſad mourners o're her herſe.

MEn, matrones, maids, come mourn to ſee
This matchleſſe match, ſo ſoon to dye.
Ours is the loſſe, hers is the gain,
When leaving life, ſhe leaves all pain ;
And doth enjoy theſe endleſſe joyes
For worldly tranſitorie toyes.
The change is good, great is the gain,
When ſhe with Chriſt doth now remain.
He now her head, and husband is,
She in her life deſir'd but this :
And to none other was betroth'd,
Belov'd of all, of none was loath'd.
Her wit, her vertues wanne her this,
Which may be told when ſhe 's in bliſſe :
Yet being dead, ſhe lives by fame,
Her worth doth grace her noble ſteme.
But none can fly death's cruell hand,
No, not this Phœnix of our Land.

Mœrens poſuit
M. R. M.

QVid natura potis, quantúmve licere venuſtas,
Cuncta, METELLANAM *dum facit, exhibuit*
Quid genius genio, quid præſtet virgine virgo,
Iſta Metellanæ *prabuit ingenium.*
Cunctorum fruſtra hæc ſperata opulentia vótis,
Illibata poli gaudet honore frui.
M. R. Gord.

Lætandum non lugendum parentibus defunctæ.

O Nimium dilecta Deo, quam flore juventæ
Ante diem extinctam, deflet uterq; parens!
Spes sibi prærept æ, & inania vota queruntur,
Plurima quæ nimiùm corde coquebat amor;
Invida quòd nigro clauserunt fata sepulchro
Excultum ingenium, nobile stemma, decus.
Expectes thalami, rarasq; in virgine dotes,
Dulciloquam linguam, suavisonos digitos;
Ingemat his vulgus, vos exultate receptam
Cœlestem in patriam, sydereasque domos.
Cernite palmigeram victricem, atque inter ovantem
Cœlicolum niveis agmina amicta stolis;
Sponsam agni, & comites lætum pæana canentes,
Cingentes Domini nocte dieque thronum.
Invidia hæc, non est pietas deflere beatam,
Cui datur athereo clara corona polo.

Gu. Gordonus. M.D.

M Ille fuere proci Metlanæ, *mille neglectis*
Maluit in casto sola jacere thoro;
Expers connubii sine conjuge ducere vitam,
Vincta maritali quàm dare colla jugo.
Innuba Virgo solo, te junxit pronuba cœlo
Mors Christo, hæc thalamis fax magè digna tuis.

Joh. Gordon.

Parva

PArva procelloso casa cùm quassatur ab austro
Corruit, at levis est, levis illa ruina minuti
Cespitis, & junci levis est jactura palustris:
Splendida marmoreis sed si suffulta columnis
Regia corruerit, quam sumtu prodigus amplo
Dives agri dominus, nummorum & fœnore dives
Rite instaurandam fecit, quam docta periti
Condidit artificis manus & mens dædala, magnâ
Non sine strage ruent molis radiantia tantæ
Mœnia; fornicibus pulchra, & pendentia ruptis
Culmina; deliciis laquearea tota superbis
Fulgida; & immensæ splendor nitidissimus aulæ.
Haud aliter si fata rudem de plebe puellam
Interiisse sinent, cui nec solertis acumen
Ingenii, docta nec blandimenta loquelæ,
Dextra nec in dulcem citharæ sat nobilis usum,
Nec calamo varias verborum ducere formas;
Cui nihil inculta supereſt, nisi rustica mentis
Barbaries, raucique ruens ex ore boatus
Gutturis indocto; perit hem perit obsita probris,
Et lachrimis indigna piis, indigna piorum
Fletibus & celebri nunquam dignanda sepulchro.
Si tamen augustæ mors forsitan ora puellæ
Solverit in cineres, formam & spoliaverit omnem
Virginis intactæ, Lyricam cui Cynthius artem,
Et Jovis ex cerebro Dea mentem indulsit acutam,
Cui linguam Maiâ genitus; proh tota piorum
Ingeminans gemitus rumpetur turba querelis.
Ergo tuæ (piæ Nymphæ) animæ dum claudere cippo
Nitimur exuvias gelido, rictuque furenti
Terra tui dulcem nimium dum corporis offam
Rodit, inoptatam merito lugemus ad urnam.
Postulat hoc pietas, quis enim tua funera præceps

Non ruet in lachrimas dum viderit? ipsa dolendo
Pallida sit Pallas, Musarum mœsta corona
Triste gemit; tristem matri tua fata minantur
Interitum, mortemque patri tua fata minantur:
Et fratres tua fata tuos, (bona germina casti
Bina thori) & Sophiam *perimunt tua fata sororem.*
Nobilis heu fulcro domus hac tremebunda remoto
Tota quatit. Tanti fuerat tua vita; parentum
Gaudia tu, tu dextra manus, tu dexter ocellus.
O quam te memorem virgo? tibi multa supellex
Divitis ingenii, mentis tibi multa pudicæ
Signa fuere; habili resonantia pollice fila
Sollicitare Lyræ poteras, & mollibus auris
Chordarum illiciens animos mulcere: tuâq;
Vermiculata manu thalamorum vela supersunt,
*(*Bezaleelis *opus docti). quid singula narrem?*
Mens pia, docta manus, facies formosa, pudicum
Pectus, in exiguo sunt contumulanda sepulchro.

For the Mothers moderation in tears.

With grief-torn sp'rite the worlds redeemer wept,
When *Lazarus* his loved kinsman slept
In deaths black bosome, though he could restore
Him to the life he had enjoy'd before.
Why is it then? I wonder greatly why,
The world to thee (dear Lady) should deny
Abounding tears, great grief, sad sobbing, since
Pale death hath pul'd thy darling daughter hence
More than a thousand kinsmen; whom from death
No earthly power can repossesse with breath.
Mourn then (sweet Lady) mourn: but which is chief,
Learn, learn of Christ to moderate your grief.

Alexander Hamilton.

Adiew

ADiew my Dear, ſince higheſt heavens decree,
That I, the harveſt of my hopes in thee,
Should not enjoy: Death uncontrolled gives
Me endleſſe ſorrow, and the World juſt grieves
For thy untimely death. In thy young years
Had thou been reft, my mourning, grief and tears,
Youth might aſſwag'd: But when time made thee grow
To height, what earth could wiſh, or heavens beſtow,
In whom was clos'd, wit, worth and vertues treaſure,
This makes my grief in mourning paſſe all meaſure.
Grave by thy age, but wiſe above thy years,
This makes my ſobbing ſighs burſt forth in tears,
In having the earths happines I knew;
But oh! heavens ſoon that happines with-drew!
And cold December which firſt gave thee breath,
After twice ten years turn'd, reports thy death.
Strange turn of time, the laſt month of the year
Should rob me of my firſt-born deareſt Dear:
Whoſe qualities were rare, ſo were they many,
And good: none equall'd thee, thou paſſed any.
For all that's rare, they are but rare in one;
But thou waſt rare in every thing alone.

ENvie and fame are needleſſe to the dead,
Becauſe unknown to them: yet let us plead
What's ours, even mourning for her ſacred change;
Whoſe fame in ſpite of envie lives, though ſtrange
Divorce black death hath made: Her noble parts
Craves tears from eyes, and ſorrow from ſad hearts.
Who as ſhe liv'd belov'd, now dyes with mone,
Of kin, of countrey: nor of theſe alone,
But all who worth, or vertue did adore.
None ſaw her like ſucceed, few paſt before.
Thy worth ſo great, our ſorrow muſt be ſuch,
Mourn as we can, we cannot mourn too much.

Aliud.

RAra fides, virtus, prudentia, & entheus ardor,
Si poterint poterant te moriente mori.
Indulsit cuiquam nunquam natura, quod in te
Non rarum & majus laude vel invidia:
Hoc, citius præcepta licet tua funere flere,
Ut resonet famam vix satis orbis erit.

Aliud.

With sanctified, unspotted, true, This one
Wit, worth and vertue, To the grave is gone.

Mœroris & amoris ergo posuit
M.I. Cockburnus.

FOrma, genus, virtus miranda in flore juventæ,
Laudem virginei te statuere chori;
Metellana *domus generosâ prole beanda*
Per te, sic matrum gloria prima fores.
Sed demissa polo pietas in fruge senectam
Maturans, comitem te super astra rapit.
Marmora mitte igitur, fuge laudes dicere versu,
Huic immortali ne moritura struas.

M. Ro. Balcanquel.

PUlchra Metellana *est primâ præcepta juventâ,*
Et secli & sexus gloria prima sui.

Qua

Quæ teneros opibus mentis præverterat annos,
Sincerâ ornârat quæ pietate genus.
Tota decens, morum candore, modestia, & alti
Artibus ingenii, laude pudicitiæ.
Hanc tantùm terris fata ostendére, quod esset
Non hoc digna loco, sed meliore frui.
Nempe sibi propriam sociavit fœdere Nympham
Christus, ut æternâ luce beata cluat.

Alex. Setonius.

SI probitas, si forma, & magna modestia, & ingens
Spes hominum quicquam conciliare valent,
Cuncta mihi, thalami nec opes, nec cætera longe,
Vult generum mater, vult pater esse socer;
Sed mea mortalem sors dedignata maritum,
Asseruit cœlo virgineoq; choro.
Quid nunc forma, genus, quid inania cætera vita?
In sponso & Domino cuncta reperta meo.

M. I. D.

ERgone in illustrem potuisti squalida gentem
Met'lanam hoc mandare nefas? anne invida tanti
Nominis, hunc tantum potuisti inferre dolorem?
Ausa nimis funesta. Tuos si flectere sensus
Non potuit generis præclari gloria, saltem
Plurima tam sacra suadebant parcere Nympha.
Illa quidem tedas velut aversata jugales,
Qualiter apricis ducebat Delia campis
Virginibus comitata suis, sic læta sorores

Inter

Inter honoratus duxit Metlana *choreas:*
Illa vel æquales quas sors dedit esse, vel inter
Illa deas luxit, quas sors dedit esse priores:
Casta, pudica, decens, artes quam dædala Pallas
Edocuit, tenerum teneriſq́ refovit in ulnis:
Namq́ animum fingit ſtudiis nec inanibus aptum;
Et quæ fœmineum decorant illuſtria ſexum.
Alma Venus Nympha nec defuit: illa decorum
Contribuit, placidumq́ ſimul ſuper omnia vultum,
Et pinxit roſeos artus, corpuſq́ decenti
Ordine compoſuit, quo ſingula quæq́ referrent
Et genus, & tantæ ſublimia munera mentis.
Cuncta annos ævumq; ſimul ſuaſere; ſed heu
Sola Metellanæ *renuiſti parcere nymphæ.*

Epicedium.

NYmpha Metellanas *inter celeberrima, tantæ*
Quæ fueras nuper lucida gemma domus;
Nympha inter cunctas celeberrima, blanda, venuſta
Et quæ virginei gloria prima chori;
Vive, vale, decus omne tuis, dulciſſima rerum,
Junctaq̃ divinis nunc fruere uſq́ choris.

Epitaphium.

STemmate præluſtris, virtute illuſtrior; unum
Id mihi præ cunctis nomen honoris erat;
Vixi chara aliis, & chara parentibus, uni
Quod fueram Chriſto chara, beata fui.

Patricius Kinalochus.

Stay

STay passenger, O goe not by
Till thou behold who here doth ly,
And help with me to shed some tears
For her; who living had few peeres.
A comely Lady truly chast,
Who in her birth was with the best.
Minerva's stock was her descent,
Which made to vertue her so bent;
As testifies what's to be seen,
And might be presents to a Queen.
In bountie matchlesse, and so rare,
As few with her now may compare;
But in her life so sanctified,
As in her death she edified.
Well, to be short she nothing wanted,
Which to the noblest Nymphs was granted.

M.T.M.

TE matri similem formâ, pietate parenti
Proh dolor! ante diem mors inopina rapit.
Te Deus omnipotens, primis tibi charus ab annis
Artibus ornavit, quas didicisse juvat.
Occidis heu prima prudens in flore juventæ,
Atque avi finis ipsa pudicitia est.

Nobilis à proavis, & origine clara parentum
Clara Metellana *es ; moribus usque bonis.*

Mœroris ergo posuit
Patricius Metellanus.

WHen thy fair beautie like the blushing morne;
Which *Ida's* Goddesses did all adorne,
Shin'd on earths stage, and bare the golden ball,
Of which for excellence thou reft them all.
All that had hearts to wish, or eyes to see,
Became admirers of thy worth. But thee
No eye nor heart had worth enough t' aspire
To make his own, till heav'n was set on fire
With its own Master-piece ; and took thee home
In thy pure virgin white, as here thou come,
And left us now (alas) with weeping eyes,
To praise thy worth, which best thy want can price.
For why? we truly know it in thy lack,
Since all Earth's treasure cannot buy thee back.
Ah me ! when nature thus had playd her best,
Or would, or could she not still make thee last?
Pencils and pens may thy worths portrait draw,
Which to presume, the best should stand in awe.
But heav'n, that holds thee now a virgin Queen,
Among the sainted souls a leader seen,
Vouchsafes no further good to after daies
By want of thee: But if that ought worth praise
Nature produces, hencefort h it shall be
Most chiefly prays'd, for being like to thee.
But thy rich mould hath taken such a blow,
That now it cannot such another show.

Yet

Yet in deſpite of nature, death and time,
That thus hath reft thee from us in thy prime,
Like the Arabian Bird, thine aſh ſhall give
A rare invention how to make thee live.
Since all that ſaw, or heard, or knew of thee,
Shall think their beſt, like thee to live and dye.
So though thy earthly part death hath ſubdu'd,
All age ſhall ſee thy vertuous fame renew'd.

JAMES DRUMMOND
of Millanab.

HÆc Laderdeli *generoſa nata*
Ut Metellano *Patre, ſic* Setona
Matre, praclaris oriunda; ſolo haud
Sanguine avito;

Sed magis verâ pietate eâdem
Jure cantari meruit Camanis;
Mens ut in cœlis, ita fama terris
Vivat in ævum.

Nobiles ut ſic alios parentes,
Nobiles ut ſic pariterque natos
Provocet, non tam Baphicove cocco aut
Murice tinctis

Veſtibus corpus decorare viſu,
Nuper en vivax breve ſed futurum
Hoſpitam fœdis ſimul & cibandis
Vermibus eſcam.

Sed mage aulais animam decoris,
Mentis integra celebrare Jove
Regiam in terris ſimul, incolamque
Poſſen cœli.

Aliud.

Fama refert, Chymicos ex deteriore metallo
Fingere posse auri ceu simulachra boni.
Nulla Metellanæ *suberat deceptio menti,*
Hanc nec fucatâ finxerat arte Deus.
Et licet appareat verum, id (si credere fas est)
In sua post rursum prima elementa redit.
Ast huic aterni penitis insculpta figuris
Vivida imago Dei jam super astra cluit.

DAVID LICHAEUS Mysta
Ecclesiæ Rerisensis.

Defunctæ prosopopæia.

Quis neget Ascrais dignam te nympha Camenis
Qua genus a priscis nobile ducis avis?
Nempe Metellanâ *& clarâ de stirpe* Setonâ
Nobile stemma dedit divus uterque parens.
Nec virtute genus caruit, reverentia vultum
Finxit, & eximio fulsit in ore decor.
Ingenii mirum tribuit tibi Pallas acumen;
Et dedit ad numerum tangere Apollo *lyram.*
Ut pulsare manu, bis quinis nablia nervis,
Sic docta es, pavidas voce movere feras.
Te tua nobilitas, pietas, prudentia, forma
Fecerunt regi pœnè fuisse parem.
Dotibus his animi rarîs, & corporis auctis,
Præriperis fatis invidiosa feris.

Alia

Alia defunctæ prosopopeia.

Bis duo lustra meæ fuerant modo tempora vitæ,
Nobis vita brevis, sed bene culta fuit.
Inspice & invenies nostri pia signa laboris,
Relligionis opus scrinia parva tenent.
Quàm bene me à cunis clari eduxere parentes
Vita fuit testis, mors mea sancta probat.
Discite nobilium nata bene vivere quid sit;
Mors comes est vitam sancta sequuta piam.

Alia prosopopeia.

Virgo venusta decens, animi generosa, propago
Lauderi comitis nobilis, hic sita sum.
Non prius, ah! teneris, cæpi juvenescere ab annis;
Quàm me præcipitem mors rapit ante diem.
Pollicita ante obitum Patri dare grata nepotem,
Et genero nostram nobilitare domum:
Præscia propositi, vetuit Libitina futuri,
Obstitit & tædis Juno maligna meis.
Aspernata deas, sum dedignata maritum
Mortalem, Christum diligo lata virum.

G. E.

Sint aliis sua forma decens, & divitis auri
Copia virginibus, stirpsque vetusta domus,

Ornatam cunctis quis te Merlana *negabit*
Esse parem divis, virgineumque decus?
Divinæ studio Sophiæ mens dedita, curas
Spreverat humanas, ardua summa petens:
Hoc tua testantur divini oracula verbi,
Sacraque dædaleâ charta notata manu.
Ergo tuas laudes in secla sequentia didit,
Teque vetat pietas post tua fata mori.

M. Ro. Smithus.

Heu quo moritura? non moraris?
Non quæ nobilitas sapit capessis?
Heu quorsum didicere tam peritè
Splendentes digiti Jubalis *artes?*
Heu quorsum superas manus Britannas
Scribendo? monumenta quid supersunt
Virtutis, tacitè parem abnegantis?
Heu quo Scotigenûm jubar sororum
Migras? sic coryphæa virgo squales?
Transisque in tenuem volans favillam.
Paulum ah siste, tuis morare paulum,
Qui vitam sine te trahunt mïsellam.
Ah non sistis! abis! obis! relinquis
Sic nos, sic fere mortuos parentes!
Sed quid? terra minus reperta digna est
Summi quæ sobolem hostiam paratam
Vivam detineat, Deo sacratam;
A cujus pietate, spe, fideq;

Mortali ut thalamo carens jugali
Æternis thalamis Dei fruaris.

David Neiſhæus.

HEr Nature beſt; her moſt complete
Had vertue made, and youth moſt ſweet:
Moe years could not make her more wiſe,
Who here below this marble lyes.

VIva fuit; poſt fata, mihi (quid plura?) manebit
Præcipua in terris virgo, ſecunda polo.

NOw we not mourne, no, but congratulate
(O happie virgin) thy thrice happie ſtate,
Thou reſts in peace, and we in hope to ſee
That day of Chriſt and thy felicitie:
Whoſe ſacred ſoule, whilſt bodie once did clothe
The world amaz'd, and gaz'd on gifts of both
With great delight: becauſe in all thou didſt,
The ſecrets of the golden age thou hid'ſt.
Yea, bloſſomes ſprang ſo fair and graces all,
Which deaths untimely froſt hath now made fall,
But if re'niting breath or heat remaines
In ſwift-wing'd fame, or in the Muſes veines;

Thy

Thy bloſſomes ſhall return, and comely ſpread,
Though not ſo fair as firſt, yet ne're to fade.

Thomas Maitland.

Mœſtiſſima Mater.

THy reſt ſhould me of reſt deprive;
Thy joyes make joyleſſe mother live;
Did I not reſt in hope to ſtand
In joy with thee at Chriſts right hand.

BEhold a noble Virgin here inſhrin'd,
Within the boſome of this ſacred earth!
Whoſe beautie in the bloome, for her deſign'd
Approaching *Hymen*, not encroaching death:
Yet glorious Nymph, what better change can be?
Heav'ns have prepar'd a bridall feaſt for thee.

M. G. Prymroſe.

Mille

FOrma deam fecit Cypriam, cœloq; locavit,
Laude pudicitiæ facta Diana dea est:
Juno Jovis consors, morum gravitate celebris;
Pallas ab ingenio nobile nomen habet.
Si meruere suis cœlum virtutibus illæ,
Nonne Metellana est nomine digna dea?
Quam genus & genius decoravit & inclyta forma,
Promeruitq; suâ quæ pietate polum.
Nostra suas igitur conferre prioribus audent
Secula, concedant jamque priora novis.

QUæ super egressa est sexus mentemque, modumque,
Heu Metlana perit, si periisse potest.
In sua qui sperant redituras corpora mentes,
Metlanam norant non potuisse mori;
Sed novus exuviis ophis ut revirescit ademptis,
Sic manet hanc posito corpore vita nova.

NAtura in pulchrâ vis ingeniosa puellâ
Cernitur, artificis grande refulget opus.
Si mentem imbutam quis religione requirit,
Hanc verâ excultam si pietate notet,
Non aliam, hunc animum, formam decuisse videbit;
Nec forma huic alium competiisse animum.
Utque prius sancto capiebat pectore cœlum,
Nunc capitur cœlo, perfruiturque Deo.

CRescere quis sacras potuit sperare Sorores,
Aut aliquid majus post Helycona dari?
Instituisse novem fertur Bœotia Musas,
Reddidit at numerum Scotia nostra parem.

Jamque Metellana *hæc decima est soror addita Musis,*
Aut spectetur gratia, quarta Charis.
O longùm, fœlixq; vale, æquiparanda deabus,
Æternúmque volet fama per ora virùm.

Stanza.

THis hopefull maid, made of the *Maitland* mould,
Where Natur' Art their industrie did show;
Timely resolv'd her graces to uphold,
With care to write the works of sacred troth,
And as her years, so did her vertues grow.
Envious fates untimely crop't them both.
Then let this serve to make compleat her praise.
Whom God doth love, they dye in tender daies.

Ὃν φιλεῖ Θεὸς θνήσκει νέος.

QUi modò tot lacrimas, vario tot carmine fletus,
Ante Metellanæ *jure dedere rogum,*
Officium fecere, & non fecere poetæ;
Musa suum siquidem misit, omisit opus.
Tanta Metellanæ *moles erat elogiorum,*
Cui nec Apollineus par chorus omnis erat.
Quàmque loquendo, satis dignè laudaverit unquam
Nemo equidem, nisi qui sic stupet atque silet.

G. Bellendinus.

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FINIS.